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## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CREOLE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE LAYMAN.

Upon the isle of Cuba,  
Whose hills and lofty trees  
Rise stately on the ocean,  
Before the south's soft breeze;  
Upon a bright spring morning,  
Of nature's proudest dawn,  
A Creole with his daughter  
Moved slowly o'er the lawn.

His snowy locks bespoke him  
To be an honored sage;  
His footsteps frail and feeble,  
The victim of old age.  
She led him to an arbor,  
Robed in luxurious bloom,  
Through which the cool breeze wafted  
Its spicy, sweet perfume.

Then through the wood she wander'd,  
With graceful, playful air,  
Culling the nodding flowers,  
To wreath them in her hair.  
Soon on a grassy margin,  
That bound a chrysal stream,  
She stood to watch the waveslet  
Reflect the morning's gleam.

Oh, she was truly lovely!  
If ever maiden form,  
That breathed the breath of Heaven,  
Possessed that priceless charm:  
A young majestic Creole,  
With lustrous sparkling eye;  
Whose life seemed overflowing  
With love that ne'er should die.

A figure tall and queenly,  
Robed in an orange dress;  
A footstep light and stately,  
Whose movement was all grace.  
A voice that chanted sweetly,  
As some melodious bird,  
That softly sung his carols  
In solitude unheard.

Alone within the arbor,  
O'ercome by yawns and sighs,  
A sweet and pensive slumber  
Soon bound her father's eyes.  
But with the drowsy fotters,  
Whose spells the sleeper bind,  
A flow of gloomy musings  
Swept through his troubled mind.

A knight both bold and comely,  
Came rambling through the wood,  
And gained the flow'ry margin  
Whereon his daughter stood.  
He first adored her beauty,  
Then sought her plighted hand;  
But she his vows rejected  
With firm, austere command.

His pleas were deep and fervent,  
On humble bended knee;  
Yet she refused to hearken,  
With wanton, scornful glee.  
In vain her smiles he courted,  
Whilst from his steel-clad vest,  
He drew a bright stiletto,  
And plunged it in her breast!

O'erwhelming fury kindled  
The father's wild alarms;  
He gave a shriek of horror,  
And—she was in his arms!  
Of her we wonder'd over  
The Creole's wretched dream;  
His smiling, happy daughter  
That wandered by the stream.

Imagination call'd her  
Upon that lovely isle;  
And fancy now sports 'round her,  
With fond, devoted smile!  
This fairy-clasped ideal  
May have a real self—  
We leave her to the curious,  
His conscience and his will!

## WASHINGTON.

BY BRYANT.

Great were the hearts and strong the minds,  
Of those who framed, in high debate,  
The immortal league of love that binds  
Our fair broad Empire, State by State.  
And deep the gladness of the hour,  
When, as the auspicious task was done,  
In solemn trust, the sword of power  
Was given to glory's unspilled son.  
That noble race is gone; the suns  
Of fifty years have risen and set;  
But the bright links those chosen ones  
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.  
Wide—as our own free race increase—  
While still extend the elastic chain,  
And bind in everlasting peace,  
State after State, a mighty train.

GRANDILOQUENT.—A captain in the United States Infantry, when serving with General Jackson against the Indians, was put under arrest, and not being brought to court-martial for a considerable time, he tendered his resignation. The following is the concluding passage of his letter:

"In leaving the service I am not abandoning the cause of republicanism, but yet hope to brandish the glittering steel in the field, and carve my way to a name which shall prove my country's neglect; and when this mortal part shall be closed in the dust, and the soul shall wing its flight to the regions above, in passing by the pale moon, I shall hang my hat on Mars, and make a report on each superlative star; and arriving at the portal of heaven's chancery, shall demand of the attending angel, to be ushered into the presence of General Washington.

Cut this out and put it in your scrap-book. It is one of the prettiest streams of genuine Poetry that ever flowed from man's brain:

## TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

Wine'd mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!  
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe!  
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule  
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe!  
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe:  
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;  
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe.  
Arch mocker and mad Abbott of Mankind!  
For such thou art by day—but all night long  
Thou pour'st a sweet, plaintive, solemn strain,  
As if thou didst in this moonlight song  
Like the melancholy Jacques complain,  
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,  
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

There appears in one of those small country papers to which we recently adverted, the following admirable letter by Mr. Carlyle, author of "Past and Present," "Heroes and Hero-Worship," and other well known publications. It was addressed, says our authority, to a young man who had written to Mr. Carlyle desiring his advice as to a choice of reading, and it would appear also, as to his conduct in general. It is now, we believe, printed for the first time; and we most earnestly recommend it to the attention of our youthful readers, as containing advice of the most valuable and practical description, and pregnant with truths which they cannot be too well acquainted. The young are too much inclined to be dissatisfied with their actual condition, as to neglect their immediate duties in vain aspirations after others beyond their lot; and they need the admonitions of such a kind, but vigorous and emphatic adviser as Mr. Carlyle, and to have it impressed on their minds, that

To do  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom.

DEAR SIR: Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first few half-hour I have had since to write you a word of answer. It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little; that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed: this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books which you, whom I know so little of, should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good, and universally applicable: "Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read." The very wish and curiosity indicates that you, then, and there, are the person likely to get good of it. "Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities;" that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men; applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one which looks wonderful, beautifullest. You will gradually find, by various trials, (which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fifth ones,) what is for you the wonderfullest, beautifullest—that is your true element and province, and be able to profit by that. True desire, the motivation of nature, is much to be attended to. But here also you are to discriminate carefully between true desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we truly have an appetite for, but what we only falsely have an appetite for, and flimsy, desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book, and get good of none, and mischief of all—are not these as foolish, unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spices and confections for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, for quieter, after solid nutritive food? With these illustrations, I will recommend Johnson's advice to you.

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men; what thoughts past men had in them; what actions past men did—the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named history can be safely recommended as the basis of all study of books; the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country—every body may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it; he has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there travelling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man in his studies and elsewhere falls into many—discourage you. There is precious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement, it is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion I will remind you that it is not books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it as all human situations have many; and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that it, at least, requires of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly, can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain yours, sincerely,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHESHAM, 13th March, 1843.

## THE SENTINEL.

Cadiz, July 20, 1844.



## NOW GO TO WORK.

We call upon every voter in the State and Union (in the language of the New England Democrat) who desires the success of the Democratic cause, who wishes to elect a Democratic President, and to have the Government administered on Democratic principles—who is opposed to a national Bank, to the Land Distribution, to the Assumption of the State Debts, to the Abolition of the Veto Power, and in fine, to the measures generally which the election of Henry Clay would entail upon the country—we call upon every voter of this stamp to go to work, actively, zealously, and above all, go to work now!

Go to Work and circulate Democratic tracts and papers which discuss fairly and ably the great questions at issue in the coming contest. Falsehood and misrepresentation are already in the field, and they must be followed close up with facts and truth.

Go to Work and get up meetings and conventions, that you may be able to learn each other's views, consult, advise, and become personally acquainted. You can thus act unitedly, and united action can alone be efficient action.

Go to Work and inculcate the necessity of harmony on all occasions and at all times—that action without union is vain and useless—that every man must adopt and act upon the motto of Benton—"Union, harmony, self-denial, concession; every thing for the cause, nothing for men."

Go to Work and make arrangements for lectures and public discussion of the measures of the Democratic and Federal parties. Democracy always gains by fair, open, honest discussion of public questions. The people want light. Let it come in floods.

Go to Work, and on all proper occasions reason with those who are willing to listen to reason and argument. Labor to confirm the wavering and win the doubtful. Every man, however humble his sphere, possesses some influence with his neighbors and friends. Let every Democrat use this influence to advance Democratic principles. He ought to do it—he can accomplish much if he will do it—he can contribute his mite and swell the tide of Democratic victory, which will then surely spread over our whole Union.—Go to Work.

## CHARACTER OF MR. CLAY.

We subjoin the character of the whig candidate, as given by some of the most distinguished men of our country, and commend it to the attention of those man worshippers who hold him up as a being little less than a god:

## Jackson's opinion of Henry Clay.

"Under such circumstances how contemptible does this demagogue appear, when he descends from his high place in the Senate, and roams about the country, retailing slander upon the living and the dead!"—Andrew Jackson.

## Webster's opinion of Mr. Clay.

"Henry Clay has too many heresies about him ever to gain my support."—Daniel Webster.

## Jefferson's opinion of Mr. Clay.

"Henry Clay," said Mr. Jefferson, "is merely a splendid orator, without any valuable knowledge from experience or study, or determined political principles, founded in political science, either practical or theoretical."—Jefferson.

## Harrison's opinion of Mr. Clay.

"I will do my duty, even if Mr. Clay is to be benefited by it, from whom I have experienced only ungenerous treatment, in requital for years of devoted service."—Harrison.

## Randolph's opinion of Mr. Clay.

"He is talented, but corrupt. He stinks and shines and shines and stinks, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight."—John Randolph.

Despotic England has sentenced Daniel O'Connell to be imprisoned with thieves, murderers and highwaymen, for no other crime, than that he wished to establish for his country what Washington established for America.

THOMAS W. DORR has been sentenced to perpetual imprisonment by the British Whig authorities of Rhode Island, for no other crime under Heaven, than that of wishing to abolish the British form of Government which still exists in Rhode Island, and to establish in its place, the principles of the American Constitution.

The whig party rejoice at both of these sentences, and deem them righteous and just.

"SOFT-STIRRERS."—The federal coons to the number of 20 or 40, meet in a store room, or tavern bar room, every now and then, and their organs call these little gatherings "real soft-stirrers!" "Alas, poor Yorick!"

GEORGE.—The Democratic convention of the 5th Congressional district of Georgia, have nominated Hon. J. H. LUMPKIN for Congress. The coon candidate is Dr. H. V. M. MILLER.

A POEM.—Senator Jarnagan, in addressing the whigs a Trenton, New Jersey, asked what the Democrats expected to gain by electing Mr. Polk. "Two dollars a day and roast beef!" replied a voice in the crowd.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

INTRODUCTION.—Our friend GLESSNER of the Mansfield Shield and Banner brings out his excellent paper in an entire new dress. We thought the Sentinel was a little the neatest sheet in Ohio, but John, we guess we'll have to knock under. By the way, old crony, answer us a few questions: What is old Mordecai Bartley doing now? Has he made any speeches lately? Is he a farmer or a lawyer? Has he got any of his old Coffin Hand-Bills yet? What majority will Polk, Dallas and Tod receive in old Richmond? Is it true, that there are not coons enough out there to make nine stones? And, lastly, how are Madame and the little Glessners?—Cadiz Sentinel.

We are always ready, friend Harper, for any questions so honestly put—and first: As to what Mordecai Bartley is doing.—We believe he is complying with the wish of his most particular friends who have heard him on the stump—doing nothing—for the reason that it is decidedly their best policy, to keep him at home.

Second.—We learn that he made a speech at Ellys, some weeks since, much to the disappointment and chagrin of his friends.

Third.—You will perceive by his card in our paper, that he is an "Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery," and "will attend to the duties of his profession in the several courts of Richmond and some of the adjoining counties," and instead of being a farmer, resides and has his office in Mansfield.

Fourth.—We have no means of ascertaining whether he yet has any of his old coffin hand-bills. Liberally and extensively as he circulated them in this county, his friends soon found it necessary to intercept all they could lay their hands upon, and commit to the flames the balance in his possession; but it happens that some few of the old Hickory boys have carefully preserved a few of these mementos of federal whiggery, and at the request of the Professor of the coon Bugle of Mansfield, a copy was furnished him for publication, but like all federal promises, he can't find time to publish it.

Fifth.—Notwithstanding the trick of a few of our Mansfield federal leaders upon the weak simplicity of the State Convention, that if Mordecai be nominated, the "coffin majority" shall be reduced to the shadow of a shade in Old Berks," rely upon it, it was only a ruse to procure his nomination, and that Polk, Dallas and Tod will distance Clay, Frelinghuysen and Bartley to the tune of 2200 votes in this county, which you will just please note down, friend Lecky.

Sixth.—About those coon mile-stones,—they are comparatively "few and far between," and at best of too Clayey a nature to last long; but perhaps sufficient to mark the Salt River Turnpike for their coon friends in November next.

Seventh.—As to our "letter half" and "little responsibilities," they go for Young Hickory, Dallas and Tod and no mistake. And now, friend Lecky, just let me hint to you that we have some of the prettiest, loveliest, and enchanting lassies up here in old Richmond, that can be found in the Buckeye State,—and what is cheering—for ANNEXATION to a man.—Shield and Banner.

Thank you, friend Glessner, thank you! That's just as we expected, about old Mordecai Bartley, the "Farmer of Richmond county." What arrant humbuggery it is for the federal coons to attempt to deceive the people in relation to such a man. Of all the apologies for a Governor, Mordecai is decidedly the poorest! We'll give you credit for that 2200 in the Glibtar of Ohio's Democracy, and we expect you to be as good as your word. We are glad that your "little responsibilities" are following in the footsteps of their illustrious ancestor. Train them up in the way they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it. But as to that last matter—we are in a sad quandary! The democratic ladies, God bless them, are pretty and lovely the world over. And now, friend Glessner, we hereby appoint and constitute you, as our Minister Plenipotentiary, to negotiate and form a treaty of annexation and make us "party of the first part" thereto. We guarantee that it shall be duly ratified and confirmed on our part! There is a chance to display your statesmanship! There is no doubt but that one of your "bright particular stars" of Mansfield, would shine with peculiar lustre among the hills of old Harrison!

John C. Calhoun, and a few of his mad cap followers in South Carolina, talk about separating from the Union, if Texas is not annexed to the Union on their conditions. And the federal party are trying to hold the entire Democracy of the United States responsible for the quasi treason of these nullifiers! How preposterous! South Carolina has no idea of separating from the Union,—it is all wind! and she could not if she would!—She attempted something of the same kind a few years since, when the old lion of the Hermitage was in the Presidential chair. He had only to shake his rod of hickory at the nullifiers, like a schoolmaster at his little truants, and their wonderful resolves in a moment evaporated into thin air! And so will it be with "Young Hickory." Possessing Roman firmness, like his illustrious predecessor, he has but to hold his wand over the nullifiers' heads, and say "peace, be still," and John C. Calhoun and his fellow bass of wind, will bow in submission to the majesty of the Constitution and Laws.

ANECDOTE.—When Gen. Jackson was returning to the Hermitage, after the end of his second Presidential term, he stopped at a neighboring town to receive the congratulations of his friends. One of the persons introduced to him, looked towards one of his travelling companions and asked the General—"Who is that gentleman?" "That, sir," replied the old Hero, "is Col. Polk, one of the foremost men in the country, sir—you ought to know him—every body ought to know him."—and calling Col. Polk to his side, he introduced him to his visitors. Such is the estimate which the Hero of the Hermitage places upon Col. Polk. He has tried him and found him worthy.—Plebeian.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—A gentleman, named Wheeler, from Michigan, was robbed of \$10,000 on his way down from Buffalo on Tuesday. It was taken from a valise, and he did not miss it until he reached Troy.

## From the Albany Atlas.

POSTPONING PRINCIPLES. When whig party was formerly accustomed to rest its fortunes on a vow of principles, which were deemed "good enough till after election." They seem now to have reversed the rule, and to have principles which are to be good for nothing till after election.

The Hon. Cassius M. Clay, for instance, has become the advocate of the principles of political abolition—prospectively—after the next election. He will vote for Henry Clay for President; but never thereafter will he support a slaveholder for that office. His political virtue is to date with Mr. Clay's election.

In the last session of Congress, Mr. Clay's friends defeated the one day election law, the object of which was to prevent fraudulent voting, but gave out intimations that they would be willing to promote the purity of the suffrage—after the next election.

Senator Archer, of Virginia, writes to the Native Americans, of Philadelphia, that he is deeply impressed with their peculiar principles, and particularly admires the "temper" which has manifested in their behalf at the North. He will be ready "to set their ball in motion"—after the next election.

We give below the epistle of the Virginia senator, who writes to the incendiaries of Philadelphia, stigmatizing as "slang" the language of Jefferson; and we cannot but point out the singular choice of figures which the senator has made, in speaking of recent manifestations of "temper" of nativism at the North. He speaks of flames and spreading fires, and of the work of consecration, as if he could put a theory of persecution into action as well as the best church-burner among them.

We intended, however, to allude to this letter merely to show that Mr. Archer postpones the day of action to the next Congress. His fireworks are to be let off in celebration of the Clay victory, or in revenge for the defeat, as the case may turn out. The odd spectacle is here presented of a party in such an incoherent state, that even success will be followed by immediate dissolution. If the whigs elect Mr. Clay, and if the leaders redeem the political postulates they issued to the factions, payable on his success, they must at once separate, and undertake the labors of abolitionism, native Americanism, and of all the other fragments of that mosaic party is composed, and of the antagonists of all these. If they fail of success in the coming election, they will of course dissolve into their original elements; but they have promised the people, as an inducement to let them succeed, that, on the first moment of victory, they will disband and dissolve as a party. This is indeed a new kind of political bribery. The avowal of it is somewhat impudent, particularly the offer of the whigs to purchase suffrages by the promise of a safeguard on the suffrage, should Mr. Clay be elected.

Mr. Archer's letter is as follows:

WASHINGTON, June 16, 1844.  
DEAR SIR: I have to return my thanks to the American republican association of middle ward of your city, for the complimentary resolutions and invitation to me of which they have made you the organ. I had already replied, to a similar invitation from a committee of the association, that a pre-engagement in my own State would deny me the gratification at this time of meeting the friends of our common object in your great city, to give a personal expression and testimony of my devotion to the cause.

I confess I had another motive for withholding myself from the wish of the friends of the cause to meet me at the present time. I desire before presenting myself to receive marks of favor at their hands, to deserve it by something more than a mere declaration of my zeal in a cause to which I have been devoted long before any party sprung up in its support, under the deepest and most mature conviction that reform, such as you now propose, was essential to the preservation of the elective franchise, (the foundation and only effectual safeguard to freedom,) from falling into utter corruption. I have now, for the first time, found a season for laying the first stone in the good work, in the temper manifested recently at the North on this subject.

I was about to add, Oh, that this temper may continue to burn as fiercely as it does now! But it will. I will not permit myself to despond for a moment in such a cause, when once any part of the public mind has been awakened to its importance. The flame will continue to burn, and to grow brighter and wilder, as it will be fed with the fuel of further reflection, and larger experience of the evil to be consumed. \* \* \* At the ensuing session of Congress I shall set our ball in motion. It will be driven back for a time; for the slang of "assylum for the oppressed of all countries," is just now ascending, importing, as it really does in its results, that the oppressed shall be received here, without a privilege, to become the oppressors without restraint; but we shall subdue this slang, as political men come to find that they may express their nausea for it with impunity. This lesson, you, the people, must impress on them; for it is through their instrumentality that our purpose and work of consecration is to be accomplished.

I am with much respect,  
Your obedient servant, &c.,  
W. S. ARCHER.

P. SKEN SMITH, esq.

From the Maysville (N. Y.) Sentinel.  
A CASE IN POINT.—The other day one of our farmers took his (this spring's) clip to the wool purchaser, to exchange it for cloth. He had done so last year, and wanted to do the same this year.

"And how will you exchange?" asked the farmer of the buyer. "O, I don't know," replied the latter. "I guess upon the same terms as last year. I can't hardly afford it, but I believe I shall have to do it."

"The same terms as last year!" replied the farmer in surprise. "I thought wool had risen. I expected to get a good deal more cloth for the same quantity than I did last year. What is the difficulty?"

"Why, to tell the plain truth, Mr. Farmer," said the speculator, "though the price of wool has advanced considerably without a year, it has not raised as much as the cloth have."

"Well, if that is the case," responded the farmer, "I do not see any particular benefit in the tariff the whigs make such a fuss about, after all."

Look out for Federal lies from this until the election.

## From the Lomax (O.) Republican.

## THE MAN OF BLOOD—A SHORT BIOGRAPHY.

Henry Clay was born in 1777. In 1805 he had a quarrel with Col. Davis, of Kentucky, and a duel was only prevented by the active interference of friends.

In 1808, he challenged Humphrey Marshall, of the Kentucky legislature. They met; three shots were exchanged, and both parties were slightly wounded, before the quarrel was settled. In 1825, he challenged John Randolph, one of the purest statesmen the country ever saw. While he aimed a bullet at the heart of Randolph, that great man discharged his pistol into the air. This was twice repeated.

In 1838, he assisted in planning the murder of Jonathan Cilley, of Maine. He counselled with Graves, urged on the duel, and actually penned the challenge with his own hand. Cilley fell, and it is said his young wife died in a madhouse, and his two children are left destitute orphans.

In 1841, he insulted Mr. King, of Alabama, a challenge passed; the police of Washington city interfered, and he was compelled to give \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace, or go to jail. This bond has not yet expired.

But the whig leaders say these duels were fought when Mr. Clay was young, indiscreet, and hot-blooded. Let us look at that a moment.

He was born in 1777.  
1st duel in 1805, when 28 years old.  
2d " 1818, " 41 "  
3d " 1825, " 48 "  
4th " 1838, " 61 "  
5th " 1841, " 64 "

Truly, he must be a very "indiscreet" young man when, at the age of 64, he is under bonds to keep the peace. But this propensity for blood runs in the Clay family. It was only last year that Cassius M. Clay, a nephew, at a cock-fight or horse race at Louisville, Kentucky, assaulted a Mr. Brown with a Bowie knife, slashing out one of his eyes and mutilating him in a horrid manner.

Only three weeks ago, J. B. Clay, youngest son of Henry Clay, assaulted a guest at his father's table, by calling him a liar. A challenge passed, and the parties proceeded to the field, when the affair was adjusted without a fight. Cassius M. Clay acted as seconds.

This is a short biography of the Clay family. The "old cock" has crowded—and the young ones have leeked! These things are facts, which the whig leaders dare not deny. How can conscientious christians support such a man?

The following letter from Mr. Frelinghuysen is an appropriate commentary upon the above history. It was drawn from him by the death of Cilley, which was brought about by Mr. Clay.—[Ed. Globe.]

TRENTON, N. J. March 5, 1838.  
GENTLEMEN:—On my way to the cars for this place this morning, I received your note of invitation to attend a meeting of our fellow-citizens at Newark to-morrow evening, on the subject of the late duel at Washington. I sincerely regret that my professional duties here will detain me from the meeting—for if ever an occasion called for an expression of the public feeling, the late scenes of SHOCKING VIOLENCE must solemnly demand it. Truly, "the blood of war has been shed in peace;" and this in high places and among the law-makers of our country.

THE LAW OF THE DUELIST IS AN OUTRAGE UPON EVERY PRINCIPLE OF ORDER AND HUMANITY. IT SETS THE LAWS OF GOD AND THE INSTITUTIONS OF A CHRISTIAN PEOPLE AT DEFIANCE; and if this MURDEROUS SPIRIT be not met and firmly and fearlessly REBULGED by the frowns of public sentiment, on ourselves will abide much of the guilt of MURDER. It can be checked and effectually repressed, whenever the people, true to their high duties, shall rise in the majesty of public opinion and frown upon these ATROCIOUS DEEDS OF VIOLENCE; and the blood of the MURDERED, the tears of the bereaved, and the commands of a righteous God, call upon them now to speak, and bear their stern and indignant testimony against this HEAVEN-DEARING SIGN.

I hope, gentlemen, that your meeting and proceedings may exert a powerful influence, and, with kindred demonstrations all over the land, prevail to crush this alarming evil.

Very respectfully,  
THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

"ABOLITION THUNDER!"—Our neighbor of the Republican, having discovered that nearly all the Harrison orators and leaders in Allegheny county, Pa., have declined supporting the man whose hands are steeped in blood, begins to comfort himself with the belief that all the persons we published in the last Sentinel as abandoning the mill boy in that county, will not vote for Polk and Dallas. We admit that some of them have joined the third party, while others are fighting valiantly for the democratic nominees for President and Vice President. Friend Allison, you are aware that every Harrison voter who will go for Birney, is one lost to Clay; and every Harrison voter who supports Polk and Dallas, is two votes lost for the murderer of Cilley. Is it not so?

COMING—ALL FOR POLK AND DALLAS.—The New Haven Register says, one at our elbow, relates the following pleasing incident. A day or two since, quite a company of wagons and horsemen from Cheshire, Hamden and Woodbridge, on their way to the sea shore, stopped on their way up town. They talked over matters and things in general, and the Presidential subject in particular, and it was pleasing to find that nearly all were for Polk and Dallas. The men said that these were able, honest and consistent candidates of the true Jeffersonian stamp, and they should have their votes. The young folks of both sexes said, that as Polk and Dallas were for "annexation," they should have their support; to which the mothers nodded assent. The Woodbridges went for Polk and Dallas "ad totum." On leaving, the men shouted "Jefferson and liberty," the young folks "annexation" is a man; and the rear guard of horsemen sung as they galloped off.

Success to Young Hickory, Polk, Dallas and Victory.